

THE

1560/730.

MERETRICIAD.

Meretricem ego item esse reor, Mare ut est, quod des, devorat.

PLAUT. TRUC.



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M. R. E. T. R. I. C. I. A. D.

PLANT. T. R. O. C.



[1]

THE
MERETRICIAD.

IMMORTAL DENHAM in far earlier times,
I Tun'd this soft maxim in melodious rhymes :
That mild *Parnassus*, nor her milder streams,
E'er made some poets, or the poets themes ;
For many sure there are, who've sung, and sing,
Yet never sip'd at the *Castalian* spring,
Which plainly proves the muse, the poet made,
And now invok'd for ev'ry Duncce's aid :
So to avoid the beaten path of old,
I'll make a Muse,—if not as good,—as bold :
And since she's modern, to protect her name,
Have stole her from the *Drawing Rooms* of Fame ;
She's no *Castalian* water-drinking Muse,
Champaign, and Burgundy, she quaffs profuse.

B

Nor

Nor does she naked rake about the groves,
 With hair dishevell'd to bemoan her Loves,
 Nor does she like a vulgar *Latin* Muse,
 Tramp through the woods without her filken shoes ;
 Far softer carpets grace her steps, and seat,
 Softer than *Sylvan* moss to savage feet.

20

And if she chuses to indulge an hour,
 It's not in th'umbrage of the darkling Bower,
 But on a couch of regal feather'd down
 Where foolish *thought* ne'er introduc'd a frown.
Cb—'s the Muse, who dare aspire to rise,
 And pluck the di'monds from the starry skies :
 O had the Poet half her amorous fire,
 He'd raise her triumphs, and his note the higher.

But he'll invoke, while invocation's just,
 To spur his pen, as *Venus* spurs thy lust.

30

Then deign dear Matron, *Widow*, Miss, or *Dame*,
 Two, all, or either, or which is thy name,
 (For thou'rt in life a mystery, not in trade,
 Yet if approv'd the better,—*honour'd Maid*,)
 To aid an infant poet—lately sprung,
 From royal lewdness,—not *Plebeian* dung,
 To chant the triumphs, and exploits of *A—b*,
 Who is not quite so fat, yet quite as rash.

Say

Say must she sing the most minute affairs?
 Done and transacted in the realm of hairs?
 But hold my Muse,—won't that be rather nice
 On her whose only passion's carnal dice,
 Where little good is link'd, to so much vice;
 It is---so in a whisper wrap it clean,
 More of a whore, or less, she'd better been.

How durst you soar so high, kind honour'd Maid?
 Without invoking *Wilmot's* lathy shade,
 Whose generous soul pursu'd this theme in death,
 And rail'd at lewdness with his parting breath;
 At last declar'd his ev'ry art in vain,
 To scour this lewd *Augean* stable clean:
 Presumptuous muse, t'attempt so hard a theme,
 To make a limpid of a muddied stream,
 When ev'ry wench, who bears but common charms,
 Condemns the traitor, while the treason warms.
 But since my CH* won't her aid refuse,
 Who knows what fortune, with so lewd a Muse;
 Suppose we but the nobler vermin rout?
 One poison's best, to drive another out.

O lovely

O lovely *H--r--n*, whose lovelier name, 60
 Stood first, and foremost, in the rolls of fame;
 Such fame, as *Venus* bore with *Pagan* Gods,
 When public stews she made of their abodes;
 Fair *Cytherea's* Queen despis'd her Lord,
 In that, Earth's Goddess too has kept her word;
 Although the Blacksmith-God detected *Mars*,
 In the soft conflict of their am'rous wars,
 And brought the whole Panthéon to behold,
 How his wife gave him horns, and rais'd her gold;
 He, gentle Blacksmith, blest the wanton fawns, 70
 And (like the moderns) pocketted his horns:
 But since old age has wrinkled her *decoy*,
 She vows a virtuous life's the only joy;
 Not that she don't desire with equal gust,
 But who'd embody such a piece of lust?
 Thy sister, Goddess, who has long been known,
 For carnal acts in the politer town,
 Now gravely sits, as gravely takes the air,
 And proves her spouse, her only love and care;
 What moving miracles, these times afford! 80
 "Lo! Lady *V** sleeps constant with her Lord!"
 Happy it is, when females turn in time,
 And like this beauty, ever keep their Prime.

Rouge we put on, to vamp a batter'd face,
 As crooked Fops, set off their corps with lace;
 What don't our Ladies owe to *Pompadore*?
 She gives the ugly charms, the beauty more,
 Blanches the rural, rosy *British* cheek,
 And if too pale, crimsons the dimple sleek:
 With witty *Sumner*, have you lately been?
 Was it at tea? before she'd time to clean
 Did you not stare to see her pebb'd face?
 Observe it now! with ev'ry blooming grace.
 Ladies wear vizards now throughout the town,
 You rarely meet a female with her own,
 Down from the *Dutchess* to the Wench in place,
 All have their morning and their evening face.
 What things has *France* exported to this isle,
 To spoil our beauties, and corrupt our stile;
 Return 'em genuine,—and take back *Belleisle*.

Thee *Lucy* thee, whose meagre smutty charms,
 Diverted first the Soldier under arms,
 Or if he wanted when his guard was out,
 A little nonsense on the silent flute,
 Then you supinely laid your matches by,
 And to the musick join'd the melting sigh,

Say was it there *Orlando* heard thy hymns?
 There did he grow enamour'd of thy limbs?
 Dark, little, dirty sulph'rous smelling wench,
 Trac'd by each pissing puppy for thy stench,
 O happy Knight, whose judgment could draw out,
 Such shining beauties, from a lousy clout;
 Yet matchless *Lucy* do not think I blame,
 Thy great ambition of a Lady's name,
 Nor do I care, how, when, or where the Knight
 Disturb'd thy oceans, in the shades of night:
 Let the world talk, for scandal's never dumb,
 What beats a Lady's finger and a thumb?
 How shall my Muse, my *Cooper* now approach,
 Exalted from a basket to a Coach, 120
 Nothing emboldens but her not being prude,
 And kind indeed, if only kind as lewd;
 Then say soft *Lucy*, when you rode in state,
 Why would you drive at phaëtonick rate?
 Suppose your keeper was a bit decay'd?
 He was no less a man than you a Maid;
 Why fly your Sire, with those new whiten'd charms?
 To loll and wallow in a turnkey's arms,
 And when you'd quite exhausted *Newgate's* lust,
 You seiz'd poor *Palmer* with as great a gust: 130

Inhuman thirst, thou very vital drain,
 Lewder than all the Whores in *Charles's* reign.
 But that, and more, thee *Lucy*, she'd excus'd,
 Had you *Ben Johnson's* tippling head refus'd;
 Where *Usher*, you and *Buely* oft got drunk,
 And then pull'd caps with some less dirty Punk.
 When *B--d--n* made his last dear will and groan,
 A good annuity was then thy own;
 With this proviso—that you'd rake no more.
 Nor play the vagrant, mercenary whore. 140
 Alas! thy many actions since has shown,
 Thou could'st not quit the bottle and the Town,
 Oft has the Muse beheld thy tott'ring feet,
 And pray'd that instant for the widest street;
 But then 'twas night, and little to be seen,
 So no great matter whether foul or clean.
 At fam'd *Bob Derry's*, where the Harlots throng,
 My muse has listen'd to thy luscious song;
 And heard thee swear like worser *Drury's* Punk,
 The man should have thee, who could make thee drunk, 150
 Cit, Soldier, Sailor, or some bearded Jew,
 In triumph reeling, bore thee to some stew.
 At other times more riotous than lewd,
 Then nought but swords, blood, tears, and oaths ensu'd:

So dire a conflict surely ne'er was known,
A worse sedition *Hellen* could not sown.

Men in all ranks, all characters of life,
Promiscuous mingle in the doubtful strife,
Broomsticks, swords, poakers, stools, chairs, fists, and tongs
Together clash, for *Lucy's* drunken wrongs, 160
Bowls, glasses, bottles, whiz about the ears,
And wound regardless Citizens and Peers :
The females blubber, kneel, shriek, pray and swear,
Tearing caps, laces, fattins, silks and hair:
“ Now, now the city, now the army beats,
Till the loud clamours reach the publick streets,
Chairmen, Links, Coachmen, Waiters, Nightmen, Pimps,
Crowd to see *fair play*—to the Culls and Nymphs,
The noise at last, the drowsy watchmen catch,
And twirl their rattles, for their brother watch; 170
Away they hobble, with their lights and clubs,
A little conscious they'll receive the drubs;
Join the confusion, hoping to subdue
This bloody, ever fighting motley crew;
But all in vain—they only serve to raise
The fire, as fuel to create more blaze.

Heard

Heard you that rush of woe ?—those horrid cracks,
 Ten lanthorns broke, ten watchmen on their backs;
 A worser ruin *Derry's* never saw;
 Two *Jews* were kill'd, a Bobwig, and a Beau: 180
 At last the Constables with numbers beat,
 And crown the Warriors, with a round-house treat,
 By them in triumph *Lucy's* bore away,
 A captive *Queen*, to wait the rising day;
 She in her arms embrac'd a drunken Beau,
 And with him snor'd upon a truss of straw,
 Rose the next morning with her batter'd *corps*,
 And march'd in matchless bronze to *Fielding's* door,
 " O let the rigid sentence be forgot,
 For *Bridewell* never was my *Lucy's* lot. 190

Debates being done, with *Buely* she return'd,
 And with dear *Usher*, for fresh riots burn'd;
 The *Shakespear's Head*, the *Rose*, and *Bedford Arms*,
 Each alike profit from my *Cooper's* charms.
 But oh! alas! how fully can we weep,
 Fat *Wheatherby* sunk in eternal sleep:
 She rests, large *Queen*, from kitchen's greazy storms,
 And's wheel'd in solemn dirge for hungry worms.

Weep, weep, my *Cooper*, *Wheatherby*'s no more,
 A loss like this, you never knew before ; 200
Usher, *Orlando*, *Wheatherby*, are gone ;
 In dismal sackcloth the dear worthies moan.

The greatest deeds a nine days wonder are,
 But *Lucy* laugh'd between each trembling tear ;
 Sought a new feat for *Bacchanalian* chat,
 And fix'd her standard at the *Golden Cat* ;
 Where she enjoys whatever's great or low,
 The brawny Chairman, or the lathy Beau ;
 This I'll assert—for it's her real due ;
 Witty with candour, in her friendships true ; 210
 Moves with good-nature, dignity and ease,
 Form'd to torment the soul, and yet to please :
 Erase thy vices with the sliding day,
 The Muse invites thee to attempt to pray.
 Nor let thy wit immerge thy reason too,
 Tho' thine is pleasing, as it's ever new.

Fisher thou'rt young,—but in the rolls of fame,
 Who can, or dare eclipse a *Kitty*'s name.
 Let antique poets sing romantick loves,
 Of Ladies visited by Bulls, or Doves, 220
 Or

Or to their arms secrete—the dearest Man,
 A vig'rous Stallion, or a diving Swan :—
 These trivial stratagems perplex no more,
 It's deem'd an honour to be call'd a *Whore*.

The fairest, sweetest, Debauchee below,
 A timber'd Son of *Liffey*, and a Beau,
 My Muse maintains it, and she'll prove it too,
Kitty, ne'er harm'd so many maids as you.
 Each flirting slut, on whom's bestow'd some charms,
 When e'er she sees thee, thrills with lewd alarms, 230
 Swings to the glass, finds beauties she ne'er had,
 And, fill'd with vanity, runs chariot mad.

“ View *Kitty Fisher*, who the other day
 “ In grogram drudg'd—now ravishingly gay,
 “ Nay wore check'd aprons—that, I've oft' been told,
 “ Now she wears none—but drags a train of gold ;
 “ Nor is she handsome, that, we all allow ;
 “ But peacock's feathers, beautify the daw.
 “ Then why mayn't I as well as *Fisher* pass ?
 “ The men all tell me, I'm a pouting lass, 240
 “ And even witness by this dismal glass.”

Thus

Thus has thy grandeur, and ill gotten fame,
 Debauch'd the Virgin—and the darling name.
Kitty, my Muse will not pretend to say,
 Who first deflower'd or brought thee into play:
 So many make pretensions to the fact;
 Since you've forgot, they cannot be exact.
 Some say an Ensign, some an am'rous *Knight*,
 A Suburb 'prentice,—some a Serjeant *Kite*;
 Many have paid for't, who could well afford, 250
 A gay Sea Captain, and an old Sea Lord;
 Who of all these, can we the Hero dub?
 It may be one, or all of *Arthur's* club.

Ye Gods! when future ages read this o'er,
 Will they believe, to keep a painted Whore,
 A thousand Nobles of the *British* Line,
 Of diff'rent ages, could promiscuous join?
 Peruse the Antients, nothing could employ
 So many heads, unless the Siege of *Troy*.
 An Eastern * Fair, to consecrate her dust, 260
 At *Memphis* rais'd a Pyramid of lust:
 And lovely *Lais* of *Trinacria's* † Isle,
 Who all the youth of *Corinth* did defile,

* *Cheop's* daughter.† *Sicily*.

Whose greedy, thirsty, mercenary soul,
 The greatest presents only could controul ;
 Our Lords, like sage *Demosthenes*, ne'er said :
 But buy repentance, at the Harlot's bed.
 Nor *Philip's* mad, enthusiastic son,
 When thro' the East, his arms victorious run,
 In his debauches ne'er exceeded this, 270
 Tho' grand *Persep'lis* flam'd, to please his Miss *.
 One man may err, like *Alexander* drunk ;
 But who would *club*, to feed a craving punk.

But tell me, *Kitty*, where was all thy art ?
 Amongst these numbers not to steal an heart ;
 When sep'rate you enjoy'd the *wining* man,
 What could resist a well laid bedded plan ?
 Then where were all thy mercenary schemes ?
 To lose the settlement, the best of themes.
 It was thy dullness, and thy snowy touch, 280
 Or man had never thought he lov'd too much.
 Who besides thee, pray would not sweat and toy,
 T'imbibe at once some profit and some joy ?
 Nay bear one *Heir* to all—a lovely boy.

* *Thais.*

E

A nurse

A nurse who's skill'd, in all the Gossip's clack,
 To ev'ry Cully will a likeness tack,
 Swears he's a Duke's, a Bishop's, or a Lord's,
 And with a striking feature, prove her words.

O *Kitty* think, had you but mov'd in tune, 290
 What mighty things your son, and you had done ;
 E'en *Cleopatra* with her orient grace,
 Was but a *Gipsie* to thy lovelier face :

You might have shone, he out-whip'd *Phaeton*,
 And drove the Chariots of the *Stars* and Sun.
 Oh ! shame and scandal to thy charms and birth,
 To hobble in, a *Visà vis* on Earth.

The only thing amongst that mighty club,
 Entitles thee a monumental dub
 Was, when a noble Lord had cause to rue
 The paying twice for what he could not do ; 300
 The deed by Matrons will recorded stand,

" A Lord in bed with *Venus*,—and unman'd."
 This was a merry, and a witty deed,
 Surpassing all the beauties of thy steed ;
 Say, did that mincing, spotted Palfrey run ?
 To lay thee down in earnest, or in fun :
 Unpolish'd Horse, to be so nobly rid,
 And flirt, and gambol, like a wanton kid.

Suppose

Suppose thy Rider really made thee proud ?
 Why little Pye-ball'd,—why so very rude ? 310
Saint George himself, ne'er rode a softer pace,
 Nor like thee, *Kitty*, mov'd with such a grace.
 My Muse she weeps, O had it been a mare !
 My own dear *Pegasus* had got an heir.
 But worse than that—O this—e'en makes her bleed :
 Lo ! *Hermitage* upon the pye-ball'd Steed.
 Some doubts she has, and may they prove no worse :
 “ Beware you fall, no lower than your horse :
 Remember this, and from a Muse who's just,
 Thy man's a bankrupt both in purse and lust ; 320
 And tho' the Sun shines, yet may fortune frown,
 And quite reduce, both him, and Mrs. *Brown* †.
 Mankind's deceitful, you have had your swing,
 Remember *L—k—t* wore a brilliant ring.
Kitty repent, a settlement procure,
 Retire, and keep the Bailiffs from the door.
 Too well thou'rt known, too long you've play'd the whore,
 Put up with wrinkles, and pray paint no more :
 No more thou'rt thought a subject for the Town,
 Reject Miss *Kitty*, for plain Mrs. *Brown*. 330

† Her name as House-Keeper.

Equestrian Hermitage, an answer deign ?
 Why for a *Moor*, quit genteel *De—l—n* ?
 The fault (like all thy sex) is not in you,
 You did your best, he wanted something new :
 Women by use, increafe their love and joy,
 But men more variable, disgust, and cloy :
 Thus like a crab-louse clings the haggard scold,
 The more you scratch, it keeps the firmer hold.
 Is it thy am'rous disposition say ?
 That lulls thee with the black *Arabian Bey*, 240
 Their nature's hotter, and their colour's rare,
 And that's sufficient to allure a Fair.
 But tell me Hermitage, amongst the sons
 of Butchers, Draymen, Brewers, Chairmen, Bums ?
 Could you not find a sturdy youth to please ?
 And give thy meretricious passions ease ?
 Is such thy conscience, appetite, and want,
 That *Tripoli* can give what *Britain* can't ?
 Pursue the scheme, enjoy the swarthy race,
 Till they perceive the vizard of thy face. 350

But here observe the *Juliet* of her days,
 Fall'n from the pinnacle of public praise.

Oft' with encomiums has the Playhouse rung,
 Enraptur'd with the music of thy tongue,
 Oft' has the Virgin sympathiz'd thy doom,
 And wept for *Juliet* in the silent tomb;
 Nor griev'd we less when *Bellamy* withdrew,
 Yet we forgave thee for the golden view.
 How did the Town applaud thy happy choice,
 Altho' in thee she lost the sweetest voice? 360
 But if the ties of mother will not bind,
 How weak are Women, ignorant, and blind!
 Not all the rhet'ric of a Courtier's tongue,
 Or that of mother from thy tender young,
 Were found sufficient to subdue thy lust,
 Tho' quite corroded, by corrosive rust.
 When *M**** had thee, such a deed as this
 Was merely modish, and became a Miss;
 But yet his tenderness, could not subdue,
 That thirst of dear variety in you: 370
 All he could say that itch could not destroy,
 To bind the Mother to the loveliest Boy.
 But since Old Time has worn the dimple sleek,
 And furrow'd wrinkles o'er the blushing cheek,
 Who would imagine you would play the whore,
 And fly in raptures to the *Irish* shore?

But women crave while man's a drop to give,
 Nor cease to lust, until they cease to live.
 If e'er these lines should reach thy flinty heart,
 Fly to thy babes—and act the mother's part ; 380
 But if they'll not induce thee to return,
 Disgrace, and shame, must seal a *Juliet's* urn.

With regal grace *H** fills the fretting Stage,
 And would do honour to the train, and page ;
 But now she's chang'd the operative plan,
 To sleep in peace, with an endearing man.
 The awful Theatre of late's become,
 A mere receptacle for various scum ;
 Thou might as well have sav'd thy spouting pains,
 And clung with honour, to thy honest grains ; 390
 If *H**, a Sister Muse, must do thee right,
 Thou'rt Envy's self—with all thy Sex's spite ;
 Of all thy stamp, the most carniv'rous Trull,
Adam's whole race, thou'd grapple as one Cull.

Behold, what's here! a lovely Form of joy,
 A fairer *Hellen*, for a greater *Troy* ;
 How could pollution such a Genius wed ?
 A genius worthy of the chastest bed.
 How came she lost in ignorance and rust ?
 A common prostitute, to common lust ; 400

Mur--y

Mur—y if e'er thy deeds, or Summer plays,
 Deserv'd encomiums, or the publick's praise,
 'Tis now, for introducing to the light,
 The peerless *Elliot*, for the Town's delight.
 Let Poets wrangle, and be-rhyme thy Muse,
 Contemn the papers, and the two reviews;
 Let them for barren *Pindus* Hill contend,
 Decline the low pretension *Naiad* friend;
 Let witling's snarl, let *George's* Coffee-House sneer,
 Let Midwife Bogmaids, drop the muddy tear, 410
 Let all the Scrubs of bare *Parnassus* bawl,
 Let *Lloyd* prepare the coffin and the pall;
 Exert thy talents to their highest pitch,
 Then with thy *Naiads* wallow in *Fleet-Ditch*.

Thou'ft nurs'd and rais'd a Genius for the stage,
 At once to lash, and please a frantick age:
Pritchard, *Yates*, *Gibber*, now are all undone,
Clive, *Hart*, and *Pope*, must either hide or run:
 These are thy triumphs, thy exploits O *Poll*,
 What pretty things you've done, with *tol—de—roll*. 420
 Let *Garrick* sheath his *Shakespear's* tragick knife,
 Bind up the antient plays, and *Jealous Wife*,

Play

Play on my Sons the *Citizen* and *Maid*,
 But dread the *Rosciad*, and implore his aid ;
 Let Managers anonymously sue,
 And beg my Lord to grant the *Wishes* too,
 The King protects you, let the play perplex,
 And with pay'd *B—t—y* halloo,—*Vivat Rex*.
 How well harangu'd, when Harlequin's to preach,
 He has no right t'invade the realms of speech ; 430
 We've never heard a patent that he had,
 To hide suspicions of his not being mad ;
 My Muse don't mean thee Whirly-gig to hum ;
 It wou'd been better, had you still been dumb.
 Yet still my Summer Sons the vict'ry's great,
 " See *Rich* and *Garrick*, bow beneath your feet :"
 And may my *Hooper* still appear as new,
 To all the Town, as she appear'd to you.

What's tripping here more lively than the rest,
 If mirth is bliss, then she's supremely blest : 440
 'Tis *Nancy Dawson*, at a nearer ken,
 Fam'd to delight the Fair, and please the men ;
 Thy motions *Nancy* are beyond dispute,
 Nor does the fame they've got thee *S—b—r* doubt.
 Only for house-rent has that Jockey rode ?
 Or does he ride, as in *Love à la mode* ?

If so, I've done; it proves you really kind.
 I think he rides too heavy, tho' behind :
 Tho' you can't bear the whip, but yet the spur,
 You'r game Egad—too much for such a cur. 450
 Well, dance on *Nancy*, keep the beaten rout,
 And burn your Rider, as you was burnt out;
 Nor leave poor *Ken'dy* in the flames to fry,
Poll by the whip and spur, will run and die,
 Steel to the bottom, only rather hot;
 But time and rust the fairest things will rot;
 In trot or gallop, you so please these days;
 Sure you must amble sweetly in a chaise:
 But since it's fashion, and if we agree,
 I'd rather drive you in a *Vis à vis*. 460
 Forgive a chatt'ring, simple, wanton Muse,
 She cannot mean you for the Livery's use.
 But Mrs. *Ver--n* for the various foot,
 I never heard, the little *Gipsy cut*.
 Incline thine ear, and Madam *Marr--t* weep,
 Who ruin'd all, by an extatick leap.
 What can have harm'd our gay *Italian Belles*?
 To make sweet *Petit* dance at *Sadler's Wells*.

Have courage Muse, for Courage you address,
 Aspire like her, but ne'er diminish less. 470
 Say, Female Banker, will you condescend
 To spare a trifle, to a Muse, your friend ?
 'Tis true she's old, but common never known,
 And yet no stranger to a sensual town ;
 She's slept with men, of ev'ry rank and age,
 Down from his Highness, to his humble Page ;
 But want will visit oft' the Noble's door,
 And when the outside's rich, the inside's poor ;
 Grant a few scores at what *per Cent.* you will,
 Nor doubt my honour, on a trivial bill. 480
 Thus in your nets, as preying Spiders lie,
 Ye seize the harlot, as they seize the fly ;
 Grant a few pounds, at double premium full,
 Then 'rrest the huffy with some dying Cull.
 The worst I wish, is, really to thyself,
 " Only to starve on such ill-gotten pelf."
 What could a Knight see in thy ugly face,
 To be hum-bug'd of fifty pounds of lace ?
 But that's not rare, for thousands have before,
 Paid for a maiden-head, and bought a whore, 490

Of all the Daughters *Venus* ever had,
 So fair as *Fordyce* none, or half so mad ;

The greatest pleasure that she ever chose,
 Was, to set friends together by the nose ;
 Or riot at the *Rose*, or *Bedford Arms*,
 And fire the Bob-wigs, to dispute her charms ;
 Her passion riot, for she'd none for drink,
 Her taste and will, deliver'd in a wink ;
 Few men she chose, but fewer still admir'd,
Chinese and carnal arts, but little fir'd ;
 But where she lov'd, no barriers could prevent,
 To give a mutual joy, was all she meant ;
 Two things she bore, amongst her sex but rare,
 Contempt of money, and a foe to care,
 Friend to a Mercer, and a scarlet coat,
 Ever receiving, but without a groat :
 Ne'er build, ye fair, upon her hated plan,
 To fly from room to room, from man to man ;
 Pause here my Muse, nor scrawl an harsher word,
 She now lives chafly, with the chafest Lord.

If female softness, and endearing grace,
 May, in the Muses records, claim a place,
Dunn must not pass un Sung,—there are I know
 Some snarling few, the Muses wrath below,

Some

Some wretches dead to nature and to sense,
 Who love to find out faults, in excellence.
 Faults she hath some, and all with justice rue
 That one so fair should ever prove untrue:
 'Tis strange the Ladies, to set off their youth,
 Will ever deviate from the paths of truth: 520
 Mistaken notion, to pretend to raise
 A reputation, on so weak a base;
 Somewhat too vain, in fabled notes she sings,
 An antient lineage drawn from Gods and Kings;
 But leave such arts to those, whose form requires
 Helps weak as these, to fan loves dying fires.
 Blest in thyself despise the thoughts of race,
 We ask no parents for so fair a face:
 The rigid judge must bring thy faults to view;
 But candour triumphs, finding them so few; 530
 Scarce would she with those blemishes forget,
 Was ever *Venus* yet without a spot?
 That thou art Woman, we have known before,
 I never thought thee less, nor with'd thee more.
 But what a falling from the noble plan,
 To quit ten worthies for a worthless man!
 My muse she hints, an heir apparent begs,
 Loaded with riches, to divide thy legs:

She

She knows thy genius too well to refuse,
 Then spread to him, and hear a simple Muse. 540
 Submit in all, and ne'er attempt to rule,
 But keep the baubles, if you lose the fool.
 Remember this, for by a friend it's told,
 " Reject your new acquaintance, for your old."
 Behold a face, as fair as great in fame,
 A very *Venus*, with an *Hervey's* name;
 High in the known venereal list she stands,
 Fam'd for the loveliest legs, the fairest hands:
 She bears one fault, as such, we must impeach,
 If with *Adonis*—she would eat her peach; 550
 She is the *Cytherea* of the land,
 And built her Temple, but it would not stand.
 Industr'ous Fair, she spar'd no corp'ral pains,
 Nor *Stretfield* neither, to encrease their gains;
 What could declare so soon, the Bankrupt Pair,
 But want of Cattle, fasting, fresh, and fair?
 Causes sufficient, to bring in the Bums,
 So stop'd,—as City Kings, for greater sums.
 If a stagnation proves in all the trades,
 Of Corn, oil, tea, tobacco, harlots, maids, 560
 Business in course immediately must drop,
 And, like Miss *Hervey*, each must shut up shop.

The coronation causes want of fish,
 And flesh, nay ev'ry other common dish ;
 The torn down huffies some sev'n years ago,
 Trim up once more, to flash, and make a show ;
 They will not vend, as erst they did, their ware,
 But all keep brac'd, for renovation fair ;
 Wait for the Company's return to town,
 And even twist their noses at a crown : 570
 The only place to find what's nice and rare,
 Is in the Abbey, or the scaffold fair :
 Prebends, Deans, Deacons, now torment no more
 Their dog'd-ear'd Bibles, to the blue-coat poor ;
 Their holy charge, with rev'rence is resign'd,
 To things more modern, worldly, and refin'd ;
 Sermons, Psalms, Lessons, never waft a care ;
 No priests so happy, as when free from pray'r ;
 As for the reliques of the brave, and just,
 Peace they must keep, they've had their dust to dust. 580
 If ought would wish to shed the pious tear,
 'Tis marble busts, for want of matten pray'r ;
 (In which the genius of *Roubiliac's* feen,
 Surpassing all that are, or e'er have been.)
 But these will never toll the morning bell,
 A long vacation, makes the cassock swell.

Why

Why grieve the loss of trade *Herveyan* fair?
 When the same cause effects our daily pray'r,
 Reside in peace till pageant times are o'er,
 You'll never be a bit th' inferior whore.

What's here! a doubtful, visionary fair,
 That, like a juggler's ball, is here, and there;
 Stole from the confines of the old *Welsh* Queen,
 But for the universe, would not be seen;
 " Why gentle *Charlotte* did you not repair,
 " At the appointed time to drown my care?
 " I wrote, I sent five Porters up and down,
 " Tore down the bells, and tore this Bagnio gown,
 " But heard no tidings of my joy and wish,
 " Abus'd the waiters,—raving oh! my *Fish*!
 " My Maid was out, I rav'd and tore my hair,
 " Your billet kiss'd, return'd it back with care;
 " But why not break the wafer, gentle *Belle*?
 " My tears declare—I cannot read or spell."
 The honest speech, so pleas'd the rapturous youth,
 He clasp'd dear *Charlotte*, as a Country truth,

See *Charlotte Hays*, as modest as a saint,
 And fair as ten years past, with little paint;

Blest

Blest in a taste which few below enjoy,
 Preferr'd a prison, to a world of joy : 610
 With borrow'd charms, she culls th' unwary spark,
 And by th' Insolvent Act, parades the Park.

Cloze at her heels, trips fairer *Nancy Vane*,
 Entomb'd sev'n years, and lo! she's rose again!
 Refraught with goods, displays a *Deardian* shop,
 And hums by turns, the *Vet'ran*, and the Fop.
 Thus art and stratagem encreaseth trade,
 And *Welch*, on letchers, palms her for a maid.

There without art, dame nature will appear,
 In matchless *Massey*, little worse for wear : 620
 Bend 'here, ye harlots, with unfeigned grace!
 And own cosmeticks, never touch'd the face.
 She never vended goods unduty paid,
 Nor gave one daub, to mend a batter'd trade;
 Just as she bedded, rose the peerless lass,
 Nor never *turn'd* to use the pocket glass:
 A venal trick, trump'd up by batter'd jades,
 And practis'd now by all the twirl-mop maids.
 Unmatch'd shall peerless *Massey* grace my lay,
 Nor want one guinea, while a Muse can pay. 630

O giddy

O giddy muse—indelible reproach,
 To pass Miss *Davis*, tho' she's lost her Coach:
 Say, pretty *Polly*, will you deign a nod?
 She humbly kisses, thy posterior rod;
 But if you'll not, the tickler you must use,
 And as you flog the *Vet'rans*, flog the Muse.
 Hold! hold! thy hand, my fair incensed Fair,
 Commit not sacrilege thro' dire despair!
 Observe the form, that thou'rt intent to harm,
 A sister beauty, blest with ev'ry charm!
 O-pretty *Poll*! will nought thy ire restrain;
 Must a poor Muse for *Kitty* plead in vain?
 Won't all the powers of *Renelagh* withstand
 The little ruin, of thy little hand?
 O shame, Miss *Polly*, to thy worship'd face!
 Not to regard the grandeur of the place;
 But rush to battle without fear or care,
 Nor spare my Lord—nor spare his Ladies hair;
 O what a body! with a soul so big!
 To beat the powder from a Noble's wig:
 Great was the conquest, in that awful place,
 But oh! the exit, was a dire disgrace.

Thee, of all harlots, joy portray'd to please,
 To cool the mind, and give the body ease:

Granted an art, peculiar to thy bed
 To lay the living, and to raise the dead ;
 Since flesh is frail, and subject to mishaps,
Luck, from the blackest rhyme, protect thee Caps.

But lo ! what's here, that interrupts the song ?
 Something rough, painted, ugly, bold, and long, 660
 The *Proteus*, *St—p—ns*, fam'd for legs and shape,
 Sly as a fox, and antick as an ape :
 She has this prudence, “ to retain her cull,
 And like the *Cretan* * dame, conceals her Bull.”

Muse drop the curtain, nor behold this act,
 Two sisters glorying in a carnal fact :
 Shrink at these times, like darker days of yore,
 Two sisters playing with one man the whore.
 Repent O *Gar—ks*, quit the *Bolton* Queen,
 Nor e'er together in the *Row* be seen. 670
 Next lend your ears,—and list the grave intreat,
 O spare a Sister, spare *St. James's-Street* :
 Learn her to hate a sensual, wicked town,
 And chuse a place more virtuous than the Crown † :
 View a continuance of th' incestuous scene !
 O would some guardian virtue intervene !

* *Pasiphae*.

† The sign where she's 'prentice.

And

And lead the *I—g—ms* with a conscious shame,
 To weep their greatest loss, their virgin name.
 O royal *Hampton*, thy belov'd retreat,
 Is fam'd for all that's elegant, and sweet ; 680
 Thy *Sylvan Shades* the chastest beauties throng,
 The noblest subject of the poets song :
 Say, what could cause a Noble to destroy,
 Two lovely Virgins, chastity and joy ?
 What cou'd provoke the dire incestuous *gust*,
 To murder *Virtue*, for the sake of lust ?
 And then ignobly to deny support,
 Stood cast, and censur'd, in a public court ;
 Like a L—d M—r, who for some marriage feat,
 Did, at St. *M—t—n's*, penance in a sheet. 690
 But th' eldest *I—g—m—e* like a knowing wife,
 Obtain'd a weighty settlement for life.
 Learn then of her, ye fair, who's fair and kind,
 To grant no favours, till the parchment's sign'd.

Behold Miss *Loftis*, in her younger days,
 Whose greatest passion was the thirst of praise :
 Her dress requir'd a noble to support,
 And not inferior to the gay at court ;
 Whose curst extravagancy prov'd the bane,
 The woe, the ruin, of the worthiest swain :

At last, when youth had lost its power to please,
 Her beauties torn by riot and disease ;
 When hunger crav'd, and dreaded Bailiffs came,
 When debts encreas'd, and credit fled her name,
 To stop a while these ever thirsting foes,
 She sold another's furniture and cloaths ;
 Detected in a crime, her scorn and hate,
 In horrid *Newgate* wept her horrid fate :
 There she receiv'd the sentence of her crime,
 And hopes transported to a milder clime. 710
 Beware ye fair, tho' ne'er so high in fame,
 Ye 're not like her, immerg'd in endless shame.

What's pregnant here, so very big and rare,
 The strong resemblance of a country-fair ?
 Blest she's in that, and blest with vig'rous youth,
 But *Cl—m—ns* never deviates into truth.
 Above the rest, her genius I prefer,
 For who can propagate a lie like her.
 She's sick, she faints, she's dead, well, rich, and poor,
 All at a breath,—but rarely 'bove an hour. 720
 “ See at her feet an humble suppliant kneel,”
 To plead a passion, he's not sense to feel,

In

In scraps of plays, and many a tortur'd line,
 Hums, ahs, and foams, to tell her she's divine ;
 Starts, pauses, groans, then raves, with clinched fist,
 A King, then swain, now Ghost, *list, list, ob list!*
 Gives father, mother, friend, and her this line,
 " *Let Cæsar have the world, if Sally's mine.*"
 The youth she kiss'd, and with a *Syren's* grate,
 Declar'd the child was his,—and nam'd the place: 730
 Another comes, another, and two more,
 The whole she hums, and would as many score ;
 Lords, Knights, and Captains, Commoners, and Scribes,
 Each draws the purse—as he the stuff imbibes :
 Each claims his right, she proves the child his own ;
 Yet all the while 'twas got by Mr. Town,
 The whole is settl'd, but the infant's name,
 Who kindly died the very day it came.
 Of all the Nymphs, that *Venus* ever bred,
 Of all the living, and of all the dead, 740
 None ever had the cunning, and the art,
 To thumb the guineas, and to steal the heart :
 She hums the *Vet'ran*, for the youths regards,
 And plays in turns on him the harlot's cards ;
 This is her maxim,—and as good, as true,
 Some men for profit, some for pleasure too.

Davis, a second *Circe*, in her wiles,
 Who, *Syren*-like, enchants ye, and beguiles;
 You may as well drink of that witch's bowl,
 As let this *Gipsy* captivate your soul : 750
 Sings, swears, and riots o'er the sparkling wine,
 Until she makes ye, like *Ulysses*,—swine.
 The *Rose* and *Shakespeare* owe a deal to thee,
 Begot by lewdness upon infamy ;
 Which tender name thy genius has retain'd,
 And by the epithet thou'st thousands gain'd.
 In younger days, when Prostitution found,
 And took thee, grovelling from thy mother ground,
 When thy ambition had no higher calls
 Than following *Carmen*, to pick up their coals ;
 Or raise a laugh, to show thy greater art,
 Steal a few handfuls from the loaded cart ; 760
 Perhaps, to raise a mob, a sifter fight,
 Or with a Chairman grunt away a night :
 These were thy triumphs, thy exploits before,
 The blackest Princess of a common shore ;
 Where oft thou'st grop'd for iron, not in vain,
 And sifted cinders high, in *Gray's-Inn-Lane*.
 Who wou'd imagine from so mean a thing,
 So fair a face, so sweet a Strum cou'd spring :

Shocking

Shocking it was such eyes as thine shou'd be
Hidden in filth, and worser infamy.

776

Betsy, delight and ravish with thy tongue,
Nor mind the Cinder-heap from whence you sprung :
Remember this, "repent in time and pray,"
For mushrooms rise and perish in a day.

Thy deeds, O *Poll* ! deserve an abler pen,
To paint thy devastations brought on men ;
Tho' thou art living, yet they're obsolete,
If ought perpetuates, it's some endless gleet :
You had your hot, nay and your *Cold-Well* too,
And he that dabbl'd did his dabble rue ;
I know you shone, I know you knew to please,
And pickle some too with the *French* disease.

780

Look down my Muse, for thou in all must rule,
And ev'ry praise in store confer on *Pool* ;
A *Venus* drawn with all *Apollo's* skill,
To wound in colours, and in life to kill :
As good as fair, in all surpassing kind,
The gentlest manners with the truest mind.

O ! what a ladder has the Muse to mount,
To reach the straitest, yet the deepest fount !

790

Soft,

Soft, rough, and smooth ; hard, warm, hot, wet and dry,
All melting beauties to the dullest eye.

Confess'd by *Connoisseurs* whom pleasures move,
The bliss of mortals is the bliss of love.

Cease, *Virtuosi*, cease your search of stones,
Of medals, plants, and deluge bury'd-bones,

Here is a search more deep, more dark, more tough,
And more worth probing than your *Mummy* stuff :

Contend no more, embrace this search with glee,
While ye can grope, and spectacles can see.

800

Thee, *K—l—y*, thee, whom silver'd Lackeys wait,
Repeating honours of *Corinthian* state ;

The muse she quotes not thy more juv'nile names,
True, you've bore many, and more true their fames ;

Thy fame, whate'er the muses yorely sung,
Is not inferior, *K—l—y*, tho' it's young :

And if thy favours ever are forgot,

May long attendance be the Poet's lot.

Now let my Muse—sing what she's never sung,
And name the perfect, lovely pourtrait *Young* ;

810

One, tho' not chaste, yet is divinely fair,
As good as beautiful, and kind as rare :

In

In her the lovely and the lively meet,
 She's all that's just, agreeable, and sweet ;
 She's all the softest tenderness of doves,
 But ever jealous of the man she loves ;
 Blest in each charm that can adorn the mind ;
 Polite with dignity, by love refin'd :
 In manners courteous, in affections true, 820
 In converse, ever pleasing, ever new ;
 Smooth as the gentle stream, her gentler soul,
 Anxious to please, and easy to controul :
 She's what a man may justly name his *Dear*,
 With rapture love, and to offend must fear ;
 Truth, with Humanity, did once rebel,
 To spare a wretch, that would not spare Miss *Bell* :
 Behold ! she moves with ev'ry goodness fraught,
 And acts what thousands only have been taught ;
 Ladies peruse this copy of the Fair, 830
 And practise this,—which is not half her share ;
 The Muse would sing, the Muse her note would raise,
 But finds her voice inferior to thy praise :
 Accept the tribute of her honest tongue,
 Forgive omissions, dear *forgiving Young*.

Here turn my Muse, behold, this pomp of woe !
 The dull procession, and the dirge how slow,

L

Whores,,

Whores, Bawds, and Pimps, make up the grateful train,
 To mourn the bodies that the Devil's ta'en.
 An hundred watchmen, with their lights and polls 840
 Proceed, but now omit their midnights calls ;
 Ten ragged green girls, for the gardens praise,
 With tops of leeks, and nettles strew the ways ;
 Then big in flesh see mother *Eastsmith* stride,
 With *Gould*, and *Gaudby*, waddling by her side,
 To bear their trains, behind three pages creep,
Hill, *Yews*, and *Doddington*, almost asleep :
 Then two, by two, a dozen *Bagnio* pimps,
 Behind them move, as many torn down nymphs :
 Next from each playhouse, with the salt-box come, 850
 A snuffer, sweeper, Trumpeter, and Drum ;
 Then, *solus*, hops a dull *Orchestra* flute,
 Behind him waddles a theatric Mute ;
 Now, of each House, five under-strappers came,
 Behind, as many *Guinea* Tits of fame,
 Drefs'd in a flimsy, unbecoming woe,
 Pumping for tears, but not a tear will flow :
 The chief of these, for tongue and scandal known,
 Miss *Innis* she, no viler upon town :
 Behind her four of less ignoble fames, 860
Rbymer, *Moor*, *Mitchell*, *Drobeda* their names,
Jenkins,

Jenkins, and pretty *Biddy Wingfield* bore
 The tatter'd ensigns, of the tatter'd *Corps* :
 Behind them *Brabsant*, *Benson*, *Cook*, and *Bland*,
 Then *Carey*, *solus*, with a nightman's wand ;
 Next mov'd six Bailiffs, hung with horrid writs,
 Which almost frighted *Gardner* into fits,
 Who behind them, assum'd her awful Stand,
 With a *memento mori* in her hand :
 In solemn cloaks, just hired for the time, 870
 Ten *Bagnio* Chairmen, hobble on, in rhyme,
 Follow'd by *Crawford*, *Hambleton*, and *Trail*,
 Who, for the night, had just obtain'd a bail ;
 With Whips revers'd, twelve Hackney Coachmen mov'd,
 Then *Sagroe* fair, and *Buckley* the belov'd, —
Spencer, *Gore*, *Monday*, *Kingborough* and *Gold*,
 March'd on as solemn as *St. Paul's* is toll'd :
 Above the rest, majestic *Elliot's* seen,
 Deck'd in a modern mantle of pea-green ;
 Her right-hand fill'd with things unfit to tell, 880
 The left, the bloody knife that slew Miss *Bell* ;
Stamford and *Loudon* walk'd in flaming red,
 And *Gifford* with a piss-pot on her head,
 In which the incense for the sacred rite
 Was neatly cover'd from the vulgar's sight.

Behind

Behind her came a female pop-shop groupe,
Cassels and *Parsons*, milliners a troop;
 (Moaning their debts, in which the former's dead,
 And what the latter with, to *India* fled;)
Solus, advanc'd a solitary blade,
 Crown'd with a paper Cap, of bills he'd paid,
 Silent and sad, as any Rogue cou'd be,
 That *halter'd* rode, to dreaded *Tyburn* tree:
 Behind, in snowy fatten, *Holmes* advanc'd,
 In spite of ev'ry pious effort danc'd:
 High on a wand the will of *Douglass* hung,
 And *Bet* the praises of the Donor sung;
 Round her five infants, fam'd for shrillest sounds,
 Alternate echo'd,—*Holmes five hundred pounds*.
 High above all, was fam'd *Sall Parker* seen,
 Dress'd in a footy, dismal bumbasin;
 Drawn by three horses in a muddy wain,
 Hired at the *George* in antient *Drury-Lane*;
 Her hands alternate o'er each mourner's head,
 Ordure, with opium mix'd, profusely spread;
 Three *Negro* boys, of curst *Antigua's* clime,
 Deputed *Cupids*, for the dismal time;
 Wain groan'd, wheels groan'd, with the weighty charge,
 As muddy *Thames* does with my Lord Mayor's barge:

Two *Gambian* Virgins fan'd the painted *Doll*, 910
 And two more bore an *Indian* par-asol;
 Next, to make up the motley, howling pack,
 A Steed bore *Bence* and *Harden* back to back;
 Walkers, full eighty, from the *Strand* appear,
 As many Garden shoe-blacks, grace the rear;
 A thousand links on either side for grief,
 Weep as they burn,—and *Buckhurst* lo! their Chief:
 Thus, from the realms of honour'd *Drury* came,
 This grand procession to the *Garden Fane*,
 Of which fam'd *D—ry* was appointed priest, 920
 And tho' in function greatest, yet was least;
 When all were gather'd in the hallow'd rails,
Bob, from a basket, topsy-turvey hails!
 “ We're here assembl'd on the noblest schemes,
 “ To mourn, great *Douglass*, *Weatherby*, and *Whemes*,
 “ And lay the ghost of *Devenpot* that stalks,
 “ And frights the Watchmen in their midnight walks;
 “ And bind Miss *Cassel*'s ever restless soul,
 “ Who shocks the Hum—hums with her cloister'd howl;
 “ And to exhort each godly pious whore, 930
 “ To live, and die, as they have done before :”
 This said, he took the pot from *Gifford*'s head,
 And o'er a crazy stall, the incense spread ;

Which *Buckburst* fir'd,—by order, with his link,
 And thro' the mob, the wind diffus'd the stink;
 When lo! again the priest, dread silence broke,
 And thus renew'd his grating, dismal croak:

“ Earth lightly lay;—thou world revere their names,

“ And justice do their morals, and their fames.”

Whores, Bawds, and Bunters, Panders, boys, and Men, 940
 In cadence hoarse, re-bellow out—*Amen*.

When in confusion the procession broke,
 And ev'ry mourner march'd, eclips'd in smok;

All different ways, on different errands run,

Some to undo, but more to be undone.

Q UITE weary'd of my part, I quit the stage,

And curse the Cringers of a lying age:

How can an honest Muse expect to live,

When Rogues, Thieves, Pimps, and dirty Bug—rs thrive:

Whoredom to these, is now a decent trade, 950

You ne'er meet *Honour*;—but you may a *Maid*:

I never held my tongue, or told a lie,

Int'rest I've none,—and Int'rest I defy;

Unhappy now is honest *England's* lot,

For all but *Scotchmen* are, by G——d, forgot:

O'er

O'er the rough seas I'll traverse with my rhyme,
And search for honour in a *Savage* clime.

YE whores, I pity your decay'd employs,
" See half the world maintains posterior boys :"

Go to the *Magdalene*, there pious bawl,
And Mr. *Han—w—y* 'll introduce ye all:
Bug—rs escape as easy from the jail,
As *Peter* did, when Angels gave him bail.

960

Adieu, ye fair,—adieu, voluptuous time,
Adieu, all fools,—*adieu*, ye fools in Rhyme.

965

THE END.



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